46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

1905

My Violet,

As I can't make my book in public - I must send a line to say that I have heard from Ked. Maitland, who says my thing is "beautiful". Really it is beautiful, & if this were a proper occasion I would write a page of prayer. But of course I know that this is not what you would like & I can only say that what you write is just what your father would have wished you to write. Whether all of it will be printed I cannot yet say, but you well know that my inclination will be to print as

much as possible.

So that's a mercy. I now my mind is at ease. Kitty may hope to the devil. NYPL He is a really good judge. But I shall have to make it plain that none yet is to be printed— I don't think that would be possible.

That wretched fearing! It sent me a proof, word for word as I had written my article — now I buy a copy & find they have changed the title from "A plague of Envy" to "The decay of Envy" writing "which means nothing: cut out a good half — & altered words & their own account,

without giving me a chance to protest.
I should so much mind if they
had clapped my name in full
at the end – to what I do object.
Just sent off an article to Mrs L.:
she is really angelic in comparison.

The household is working up
for tomorrow night, & all our
spirits are rising!

L M

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

March 4th 1905.

My Violet,

I felt myself rather a coward
brute to take so much of my
own apass — but that is the
use I always seem to make of
you. I rather regret
this, because I think I made
too much of my being "driven" —
only on that Evening, happening
to be depressed, I made the
most of my grumble. Really
I had a very healthy life, &
I don't think as a rule I
do — or shall — so cut very much —

46, Gordon Square
Bloomsbury

Only things always come in a rush,
& then I curse. Dont talk
to Vessa, I really dont think
talking does any good, & it
really lies in my hands, &
I shall make a stand if necessary.
Yes blowing & raining, & we
have yet to change & go a
lunch with Lady Alice — which
somehow seems rather a wagonlits
thing to do. I have
been toiling at a beast of a
review all the morning, which
I cant waste & hate writing &
waste L. S. badly. By the

NYPL

way I was in Bridge Lanes & Bruce Richmond thought it "admirable"
& now sends me another great fat book - which I dont much want to do - as I know nothing of the subject.

I despair of my brains when I see to be scattering like a fellow can do.

You are a really comforting woman, & where I should be without you, I dont know. That is the kind of testimonial that is worth having in this world.

Love to Nelly.

Ever

April 1905

~~22, Hyde Park Gate,~~
**S.W.**

Somewhere off the Coast of Spain.
April. 5th.

My Violet,

I may have a chance of posting this at Oporto this afternoon – so I write now. So far we have had a splendid journey, though at the end we begin to get a little bored, mainly owing to our fellow passengers. We stayed a day at Havre, & went to Rouen, & saw the 3 churches. & then set sail again – Unfortunately something went wrong with our Engines, & we had to stop & drift with sails for about 7 hours, which was very dull. However this morning we woke to find the Coast of Spain in sight – & now we are passing along quite close beneath it. & the Captain expects to land at Oporto this afternoon. We have changed our plans a little, as we shall have to wait a long time & take train to Lisbon from Oporto, instead of going by sea. It is not a very long train journey. & it seems a waste of time to spend two days

at Oporto. As far as I can make out our
addresses & dates will be —

arrive Lisbon April 6th.
" Seville Hotel Madrid April 7th
Granada Hotel Washington Irving April 11th.
Lisbon Porte Restonta April 17th.

have in the Madreverna, April 19th & let to
Liverpool on the 22nd So do write
& if you can. You very hard up for letters.
I feel as though I had been cut adrift from
the world altogether. We had such a odd
dreamy existence. I am out of doors a good
8 hours a day, inhaling sea breezes enough
to make the dead walk, & eating hugely, to
pass the time — & I have had no pain the
last 3 days — & sleep like a top. I am
getting rather impatient to land; & see
things — not but what the sea is beautiful
to watch — but the ship is crowded, & one
cat escape voices. There is one ocd bore
the worst type, who makes my life a burden.
Happily we have discovered a place at the
top of the engine room, to which an iron

ladder deck, & we have taken our chairs there,
& have escaped so far. We had the loneliest
sight of Cornwall, the Lands End, passing so
close that we saw the houses & the people -
I haven't seen Cornwall since we left St. Ives.
There are a great many Portugese Jews on board,
& other repulsive objects, but we keep clear of
them. The only people we talk to are the
Clogs. She is a daughter of Alfred Booth, the
owner of the line & rather a useful acquaintance.
There is also a man who knows all about
Spanish hotels & travelling, & I think we shall
manage all right. Everyone says that Granada
& Seville are the two places best worth seeing
in Spain, & this is just the right time of year.
It is brilliantly fine, & so hot today that I
can't bark on deck without a rug. So we
there ain't much news: for I don't think how
bored everybody is, & how hard up for something
to do or think about. They play the pianos
all day long, & eat sandwiches & drink soup.
I haven't
I wonder what you are doing. We left - a
week ago today - & I don't know where
Nessa is. We let back the day before Easter
Sunday.
I wonder whether that wretched Nichol review
came out in the Times. but I feel safe from

Editors - & even your criticism will lose its
sting! In fact I feel completely demoralised,
as though I were going through a second visit
Carie! My conscience is waking now that
we are near shore, & I am very virtuous
I shall write to the Lacker - but I think
that can be left till after lunch!
Gordon is very hobby, & takes great care of me,
& does my hair at night & fastens my dress.
When I got on board I found that I had
brought no sponge or combs, & had to buy
them from the NTOL Shop's barber. But otherwise
I have not thrown myself on the mercies of
Providence. We sit at the Captain's table,
& I have to talk to big about iron screws.
World. for like me to marry a sailor? After
all, I'm not sure that it isn't a better trade
than letters.
Remember to write, & tell me how you
are, & all your domestic affairs. & I
shall get quite de-homesick.

Yr. AJS.

April 1905

~~22, Hyde Park Gate,~~
~~S.W.~~

Seville.
Hotel Roma.
10th April.

Dear Violet,

We are now in Seville, as you may see - We came here on Saturday from Lisbon, & found room in this hotel, which isn't bad, & is cheap. Yes & most attractive place - not that the Cathedral comes up to my brothers - but it is far & away the most Southern place I have seen - & the late is among pa a time. Of course today At last rained as they say it hasn't rained all the winter, & we have had to spend most of our time exploring royal tombs in the Cathedral. If only the sun would come out it would be divine. The orange blossom are out everywhere, & all kinds of trees; in fact an English August isn't more full summer. We went over the Alcazar this afternoon, in the rain - however, I am no good at guide book. We drove in the gardens yesterday - It is a quiet deserted rambling place, like all Italian

S.W.

town, & a[n] comic fair & beggars & fairs.
We shall only stay here over to-morrow, & then
go on to the Washington Irving. at Granada.
I hope to get a letter from [illegible] somewhere —
none here, or at Lisbon. This
a great relief to be off the steamer at last.
The people ex- intolerable, as they thought it
necessary to be friendly & talkative. Our
boat back only takes 3 days, so they wont
have time to bore.

Lisbon is a splendid town, with at
any rate one beautiful building, the Great
Church at Belem. We went up
to the English Cemetery & saw Fielding's tomb!
The heat, until today, has been perfectly
delicious. I wore my fur coat & sat
wrapped in a rug all the voyage, but
the moment we landed at Oporto the
climate changed, & I longed for a cotton
dress. Today we have gone back to an
English April. The people here are

beginning to make ready for the festival. They have stood huge wax figures in the Cathedral – I cant conceive why – & they are building stands. Placards about the bull fight are up everywhere. I am glad we just miss it.

I have had 2 letters from home – otherwise no English news at all – nor have we seen a newspaper. Infact we feel entirely adrift, & it seems 6 months since we left. I feel ready for all kind of work, & most flourishing. We have managed our journey quite successfully, though we discovered on the voyage out that we ought to have booked passages on the return boat, which is very full, & we were told that it was doubtful if there would be room. Of course when we getting back on the 22nd we were a little nervous; but the agent at Lisbon promises that it will be all right. I am afraid I shall have to sleep with a Portugese Jew.

How are you – & what are you doing? I suppose you are now packing up for the summer. I wish I could spend it. an article for Mrs L: but I doubt it. We are living as cheap as we can – but

these journeys are Expensive. I hope I shall
get a lot of work to do this summer so
as to make both ends meet. I might
at this moment to be reading some English
Letters for my women - I don't know a
thing about it - but want to learn...

Have the Cranbrooks cleared from troubling
& what is happening? This time last
year there was a general muddle.

NYPL

We shall soon be back now. per
what I think the sad, though
Love Inspired month, so has been.

L M S.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Bank Holiday.

1905

My Violet,

Thanks to our boat we only reached Lowestoft last night late, & came up by the first train this morning, when I found your letter, which I now answer, after waiting I don't know how many letters, so my hand is cramped, & my brain barren, & Heaven knows what kind of letter you expect, as living in a country cottage where the postman calls only once a week, & not

then if it rains, a which is a
Lorze, a prison rather, of unpleasant
memories for one poor unfortunate
at any rate." That is a sentence
worthy of the Guardian at its best.
Might be printed just as it stands,
without a single editorial comma-
ed worried make the Church of
England shiver in its vitals. The
Sea leaves my head in a state
of swimmy swampiness,
So that I have sat the whole
afternoon on Degas's last, in a
morbid condition. Didst
I say in one of my inspired
writings, which for throw into the

fere, that coming home was the best
part of being away? It really is.
Especially when you travel in Spain
where the train stop to breathe
every 5 minutes & then the idiotic
boat is late at Lisbon. But to
take up my pen again when we got
to Granada - there we were very
comfortable in the Washington Irving -
I asked if you remembered an
English Lady the length of seven
fine males, travelling with a headless
but Langley aristocrat, with their
own bath in a waterproof jacket —
but you same has left Granada at
any rate. It is far & away the
best place we saw — almost how
seen I think — I baked like a
Cozard in the Gardens & it was
as hot as an English August, what
conveys nothing to your mind — but
think of orange trees, with oranges, &

every other kind of tree with large
green leaves & all the blossoms
you can think of. The cottage
garden is nothing to it. There my
descriptive faculty is blasted.
Then we had to travel 24 - a 4. &
down to Lisbon, & slept one night
at a little country wayside inn -
where the fire burnt in the middle
of the room, & the company of
Spanish peasants sat round to drink
& stared at us, & we expected to
have knives in our throats every
moment. Then we were given one
room - the only sleeping room - with
one bed - & a canvas door between
us & the family who undressed
outside, & we locked our door as
best we could - & lay down
delicately side by side in our
clothes, & heard the old woman
counting her money, & swearing &
spitting, & by degrees we went to

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

"

Ship, & at 9 they brought us
soapy milk, & told us to let up,
& be gone. This all happened
on the edge of an arid desert,
lit by stars, smelling of meadow
sweet beneath the shadow of a
Moorish Castle. Next day
we went on to Bajos - &
came on Tuesday to Lisbon, where
we had baths. & That is the
most delightful thing we did
here - We had to wait 2
days for the Ship, & sailed on
Thursday. The Ship was very
small, very sea-smelly. & the
moment we got out to sea it
began to roll like an inebriate, &

I sat down to dinner, & suddenly got up, & without word left the room. It was beastly. Cold & dreary - however next day was better, & after all we had a fair passage, & last night at eleven we got into the dock, & slept still in our berths. So now our travels are over. Everything here is safe & clean & happy. Nessa looks very well, & says she liked Snow more the more she knew, & they were very intimate & shared the same room! Well - that is more than I could have done - Here I come back to letters from Fred Maitland, among other people, & he is just back & wants to come

& see me on Wednesday, & bring the
rough sheets of the book. Then
Bruce Richmond returns my Sickel review
which is excellent, he says, but not
what they want. That is a searching
criticism from a historical point of
view. I am really thankful to have
the beastly thing in my waste paper
basket, though I did waste time over
it, as it was bad, & I knew it
However, he is sending me more books,
& is polite.

Shall I come down & see you
one afternoon - only I forgot
that Mrs L- will be with
you. I must & break the
evil spell some day.

Well, it is a mercy to be
back & within your gorge again.

Love
DS.